

Bellevue



Gazette.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Democracy, Literature, Agriculture, Mechanics, Education, Amusements and General Intelligence.

VOL. 2.

BELLEVUE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1858.

NO. 17.

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D. H. Solomon,
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BELLEVUE HOUSE.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ABOVE
LARGE AND POPULAR HOTEL,
OFFERS EVERY
ACCOMMODATION
To the Public, and will render
ASSIDUOUS ATTENTION
To the wants of HIS GUESTS.

J. T. ALLAN,
Bellevue, Oct. 23, 1856.—1-1f

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ATTENDS to business in any of the Courts of this Territory. Particular attention paid to obtaining and locating Land Warrants, collection of debts, and taxes paid. Letters of inquiry relative to any parts of the Territory answered, if accompanied with a fee.

REFERENCES:
Hon. Lyman Trumbull, U. S. S. from Ills.;
Hon. James Knox, M. C. " "
Hon. O. H. Browning, Quincy, " "
Hon. James W. Grimes, Governor of Iowa.
Hon. H. P. Bennett, Del. to C. from N. T.
Green, Wear & Benton, Council Bluffs, I.
Nuckolls & Co., Glenwood, Iowa. [234f.]

Ira A. W. Buck,
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REFER TO
Hon. A. R. Gillmore, Receiver, Omaha.
Hon. Enos Lowe, " "
Hon. S. A. Strickland, Bellevue. " "
Hon. John Finney, " "
Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Nebraska City, Omaha, June 20, 1857. 35

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CLARKE & BRO.,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
STEMBOAT AND COLLECTING AGENTS,
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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, and NOTARIES PUBLIC, Council Bluffs, Iowa, will practice their profession in all the Courts of Iowa and Nebraska. All collections entrusted to their care, attended to promptly. Especial attention given to buying and selling real estate, and making pre-emptions in Nebraska. Deeds, Mortgages, and other instruments of writing drawn with dispatch; acknowledgments taken, &c., &c. Office west side of Madison street, just above Broadway. nov 13 1-1f

P. A. SARPY,
FORWARDING & COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Still continues the above business at ST. MARYS, IOWA, & BELLEVUE, N. T.
Merchants and Emigrants will find their goods promptly and carefully attended to. P. S. I have the only WAREHOUSE for storage at the above named landing; St. Marys, Feb. 20th, 1857. 21-1f

Tootle & Jackson,
FORWARDING & COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Council Bluffs city, Iowa. Having a Large and Commodious Warehouse on the Levee at the Council Bluffs landing, are now prepared to receive and store, all kinds of merchandise and produce, will receive and pay charges on all kinds of freights as they pass by, and will not be detained as they have been heretofore, in getting some one to receive freight, when the consignees are absent. REFERENCES: Livermore & Cooley, S. C. Davis & Co. and Humphrey, Putt & Tory, St. Louis, Mo.; Tootle & Fairleigh, St. Joseph, Mo.; J. S. Chenoweth & Co., Cincinnati Ohio; W. F. Coulbough, Burlington, Iowa. 1-1f

POETRY.

Pointed and Pertinent.
Tell me, ye gentle winds,
That round my pathway play,
Is there no place on earth,
Where printers get their pay?
The whispering breeze went by,
With accent filled with woe,
A voice borne on the sorrowing air,
In sadness answered "No."

Tell me, ye murky clouds,
Now rising in the west,
Is there no hope upon the globe,
One spot where printers rest?
The flashing clouds outspoke,
With an indignant glow—
A voice that filled the earth with awe,
In thunder answered "No!"

Tell me angelic hosts,
Ye messengers of love,
Shall suffering printers here below,
Have no redress above?
The angel bands replied—
"To us is knowledge given—
DELINQUENTS OF THE PAINTER'S BOOKS,
CAN NEVER ENTER HEAVEN."

For the Bellevue Gazette.
Solution of the Enigma.
Those that the lines did not discern,
For a few moments we will turn,
To solve the query, and the question,
We soon will give a brief digestion.
A man did live,—was killed,—no heir,
To produce one,—lady was there.
But now another leaf's in the dream,
Money has saved her; she's sloped from
the scene:
Question in full, now I will tell,
All in words, Cunningham, Burdell.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Scraps from the Journal of Uncle Fuller—No. 2.
"Oft does my heart indulge the rising thought,
Which still recurs, unlooked for and unsought,
My soul to Fancy's fond suggestion yields,
And roams romantic o'er her airy fields."

The winter months of 1854-5 presented to my view a delightful picture of the enterprise and indomitable energy of the American character in every phase of its development. We then saw the rugged and hardy pioneer bearing in his features the impress of a resolute will to hazard the thorny path of a frontier life, regardless of difficulties and opposition, and aiding to plant the standard of civilization in the midst of a Territory inhabited by hostile Indians and out-casts from the pale of a moral and virtuous community. All honor to the devoted squatter who helped to lay the foundation of this glorious principle. We are daily realizing its benefits in the vigorous growth and prosperity of our young and virgin Territory. The season was peculiarly favorable in many respects to those prospecting for a future home for themselves and the objects of their affectionate solicitude in the East and reminded me forcibly of the climate of California, without its excessive rains. In December and January the air was cold and genial, the sun shone with resplendent brilliancy, and all animated nature was quickened by these wise and beneficent provisions of a kind Providence. My old and decaying energies were sensibly recuperated. I discarded my cane and was able to walk firm and erect, and felt cheerful and happy in catching the wild chant of the Indian, and in listening to the sweet cadence of a thousand echoes reverberating thro' hill and vale—haunting me in my peregrinations and in the solitude of my sequestered home.

I made the McKinney House my headquarters and was frequently waited upon by some swarthy representative of the Omaha tribe begrimed with paint and carrying in his bosom a paper certifying to the good traits in his character, his friendship for the whites and his noble and warlike propensities; the latter of which I had sufficient proof when depositing sundry viands before his gastronomic vision. They annoyed me much, as I found it impossible to satisfy their insatiable appetites for gormandizing. Another visitor was a tall bilious Yankee just imported from "Vearmount," who indulged in the indiscriminate mastication of sole leather tobacco and who kept up

a perpetual stream of talk and saliva when drawing largely from his exuberant vein of fancy and humor and enlisting my whole sympathies in behalf of bleeding Kansas by detailing in pathetic strains, her unmitigated wrongs. His amusements were confined almost exclusively to whittling bed posts with a dull jack-knife, and speaking disparagingly of the fair sex, by whom he had been jilted in some love sick adventure; his whole soul was wrapped up in passionate fondness for domesticating the canine species, and producing a harmony between them and the feline race, and in which he proved remarkably successful until his stock was diminished by the nefarious practice of the Indians in selecting his choice subjects to give additional flavor to their "Carlo soup." My next worthy was fifty years old, and occupied a berth in my sanctum sanctorum. He had just migrated from Ohio, where he had gained laurels in his official capacity as Justice of the Peace. He was familiarly called "Old Grif," and was entrusted with the full control of this establishment, subject only to the dictation of an old maid, who acted as housekeeper and provided the inmates with meals. The cellar with a good assortment of liquors was under his charge, and it is needless to say it received his undivided attention; and, under the influence of "the spirit" he indulged in racy anecdotes, often reverting to his former dignified position, and finishing with his legal and sapient address. "If the court understands herself and she thinks she do," which excited the risibility of those present who were highly amused at his eccentricity. Nature had not been lavish in bestowing her favors, and his personal beauty was in striking contrast with his mental acquirements. His chief forte was in mixing whisky toddy in which science he displayed excellent taste and judgment and was only excelled in that respect by his extreme gallantry in personifying a lover before the affectionate gaze of the wiry housekeeper.

Not having seen the Trading Post, I strolled one afternoon in that direction, and after purchasing a pair of moccasins at a log house on the road, the residence of Louis Sonsesee, I found about 15 rods from the river, the venerable Trading Post built by the American Fur Co. It was a capacious two story frame, with a wide porch and two log houses attached to it, a large storehouse and a few huts at the foot of the bluffs, occupied by the red ladies of the Post. I went into the interior of the building and was made acquainted with a noble specimen of the Indian squaw, Mrs. Ne-ko-me. I saw an astute, red whiskered Yankee, a black looking half-breed, a gaunt visaged Frenchman, with a prodigious beard and moustache, an immense pile of furs, robes, and Indian ornaments, and to finish a true description, was greeted with a combination of disagreeable odors, offensive to my nasal organs and a terror to all sensitive organizations. I ramosed the ranche with extraordinary rapidity, and discovered on the outside a few semi-nude Indians, driving cattle, others lounging in the door yard, some squaws bent double with their oppressive burdens, and some of their offspring practicing with flint lock guns at a cottonwood stump. I got back in time for supper and was surprised to see Old Grif and the Yankee in a perfect state of somnolency from the effects of toddy. The old lady was angry and in little better condition and out of patience with their conduct. I placed a log upon the embers, wrapped myself in the folds of a warm blanket and was soon tugging in the sweet embrace of Morpheus. My dreams were truly romantic. In a close conflict with a band of Sioux, I was compelled to surrender, and became an unwilling spectator of several scalping operations, and expecting every moment to undergo the torture of being disjointed and torn into the smallest fragments, as I awoke to find in my room the confidant of the "Old Horse on the sand bar," a man probably thirty-five years old, whose

rough exterior reminded me of a deck-hand on a steamboat. From his volubility of speech I learnt his errand and the business in which he was engaged. He had been employed 8 years of the most valuable portion of his life trading with the Indians, and had accompanied a train of California emigrants to this point. He was posted in the situation of every inch of land from Bellevue to Ft. Kearney, and made a proposition to ride out into the country, and, as my escort, select a valuable claim for me. I thankfully availed myself of the opportunity presented, and in a few minutes our mules were steering in a southwesterly direction, and, crossing the ford at the Pappillon, we soon came to the timber on the Platte river. The undulating prairies and rich belt of timber skirting along the valley, and all the luxuriant charms of this vicinity, arrested our progress, and we halted and secured our restive animals to a tree. There were but few cabins in sight, and no improvements; here I suggested to my companion the propriety of staking off 320 acres of land, timber and prairie, under the euphonious cognomen of Uncle Fuller, and politely requested his assistance in pacing off the requisite quantity as near as possible, with the aid of a pocket compass; but he assured me on the true faith of a Christian that we were yet within the boundaries of the land claimed by the Town Company and their agents, and begged of me to desist in any such attempt, as it would lead to disastrous consequences, and blood would inevitably ensue; that the supervision of these broad acres was depending on his charge, and by extending our journey 5 miles west, there was abundance of excellent land yet unoccupied. I laughed heartily at his impudence and effrontery and was cogitating in my mind the assumption of my friend and the infamous frauds practiced on the actual settler by foreign speculators, when our mules betrayed considerable agitation at a rustling noise in the woods, and we were suddenly startled at the sight of a number of deer debouching from a grove of young timber and bounding and frisking with remarkable agility. Fortunately we were provided with rifles and ammunition; and, in order to get within shooting range, crept cautiously thro' the underbrush, keeping a steady gaze on the objects of our chase; and by dint of extraordinary care and watchfulness, reached unobserved within 50 rods of the whole herd. Simultaneously both pieces were discharged, producing a panic in their midst, and leaving two of their number victims to the fatal balls. Their movements were much retarded and both were easily tracked from the copious effusion of blood that had streamed from their wounds; and at a short distance our faithful dog, Bruno, was heard growling with savage ferocity, and evidently engaged in a fierce contest with the enemy. We hurried to the scene, and found one in the last agonies of death, and the other struggling with Bruno for the mastery. For some minutes they were about equally matched, when Bruno seized his victim by the neck, and with his iron-like jaws held on with the utmost tenacity, shaking him furiously, speedily terminating his sufferings. We dragged our prizes thro' the timber, strapped them on the backs of our mules, and wended thro' the labyrinth of trees to the Platte river, which on viewing awakened all my latent speculations, and convinced me of the impossibility of rendering it capable of navigation for boats of any ordinary dimensions.

The Platte river is wide and shallow, and constantly changing its channel. We found no difficulty in wading across it, and it required no extraordinary genius to discover the fallacy of the arguments used by hair-brained speculators to prove its *availability* for floating steamboats with any degree of certainty or safety. The banks are studded with cottonwood, oak, walnut, and other varieties of timber, and the valley has a rich and productive soil. Being level for hundreds of miles

from its mouth, it is conceded on all hands to be the most feasible route for the Pacific Railroad. The sand on the bars is of a coarse, silvery nature, and well adapted for building purposes. We pursued our course along its banks, and heard nothing but the ripple of the water at our side, and the faint sound of the pioneer's ax in the distance; all nature appeared absorbed in sleep and silence reigned supreme. Ere long the cloud gathered blackness; the wind blew a hurricane, and as we emerged from Cedar Island, and entered on the broad expanse of bottom land, the rain pattered in thick drops in our face. The two monuments of architectural skill which marked the ruins of the old Otoe mission were plainly discernable and a curling wreath of smoke ascending in the vapory atmosphere near the stone chimneys was evidence of a settlement. It buoyed up our spirits in this discouraging aspect of affairs, and spurring up our mules while crushing under the tall weeds that impeded our progress and snapped like a cane break. We drew up at the entrance of a small cove, crested tent on the margin of a stream, and few rods from the Mission chimney. The inmates were as much surprised at our appearance as we were pleased at our escape from the impending storm. They were too young men, whose unaged would not amount to forty-five years, and who had taken a section of land which had been selected as a town-site by a company of eastern speculators, and on which there was 50 acres of breaking, which had previously belonged to the Otoe Mission. In one corner of the tent was a quantity of damp straw, serving as a bed, a small cooking-stove in the center of the room, and a number of *Palladiums*, *Police Gazettes*, and other literary productions scattered over the ground floor, proving them to be men of some intelligence. The storm now raged with all its fury, and our cloth covered roof was of small service in protecting us from the watery element. It however soon abated and the youngest Loyd proceeded to disclose to our almost famished gaze a fine fat turkey, which we assisted in picking and dismembering for pot-pie, and at two o'clock we found a table from an inverted wagon-box and were soon the recipients of their kind hospitality. Each one declared it was delicious, and required an account of the means employed to procure it. It was not long before our placid features spoke of contentment and an inward peace with the whole world "and the rest of mankind." After dinner we had recourse to our pipes, and each of us detailed some awful adventures, finishing up with a lively song. They informed us that they were only staying here for a purchaser of their land, in order to cross the plains in the spring for California. And after exhausting a vast amount of logic on trivial subjects, we exchanged our deer for beaver-skins, and retraced our steps for Bellevue, which we reached before sunset.

About this time the Benton House timbers were hewn and hauled upon the ground, and the first impetus given to building on the town-site of Bellevue.

The Town Company complained of the niggardly spirit of the Mission in confining them within the narrow limits of an 80 acre lot, cornering on their property; and a petty animosity existed between both parties for a long period previous to their amalgamation. Up and down town was then merged into one common interest.

The Nebraska *Palladium*, the first paper in the Territory advocating Democratic principles, was receiving a large share of patronage from Eastern subscribers and excited a powerful influence in forming public opinion, and was a fair exponent of those principles connected with the interest and general prosperity of the Territory. It was edited by D. E. Reed, and published at the McKinney House.

Previous to the death of his Excellency Gov. Burt at the Mission house, Oct. 18, 1854, the location of the Capitol at Belle-